

I'm the Lucky One by [inazuma_hunter](#)

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Summary:

Mike is very late for a special date with Will, but is troubled when his boyfriend isn't as angry as Mike thinks he should be.

I'm the Lucky One

Author's Note:

So, I'm working on a couple of huge stories, but needed to take a break, so I wrote this quick little one shot. This occurs somewhere in high school age range, maybe about 16. Their relationship is somewhat new, less than three months, and they're still feeling out boundaries.

"Make sure you come right after Drama club is over," Will said for the third time that day.

"I heard you Will, don't worry, I'll be there," Mike assured him with a smile.

"I'm sorry...it's just I'm planning something special..."

"Hey...I'll be there right at five, I promise."

Shit, shit, shit, shit. Mike glanced at his watch as he skidded to a stop in the Byers' driveway.

7:13

Fuck.

He was in such deep shit. He hadn't thought it was a big deal when Drama had let out early and some of the guys asked if he wanted to go to the arcade. He had some time to kill anyways. But Mike's mind was easily distracted, and one thing had led to another, and a Street Fighter tournament had broken out, and yeah...he had totally lost track of time.

Mike steeled himself before working up the courage to knock on the front door....no answer. He gently tried the knob, and finding it unlocked, swung it open. The scene that unfolded in front of him was enough to break his heart. The air inside was warm and heavy with

the scent of garlic. The table had been set for a pasta dinner for two, complete with a nice tablecloth and candles which had been lit at one point but now stood extinguished.

Will sat slumped down in one of the chairs, looking quite forlorn, not even acknowledging Mike's presence at first. He was looking in his direction, but it was almost like he was looking *through* him. Mike slowly closed the door behind him and approached his boyfriend. "Will, I'm so s-"

"Where were you?" Will asked, his voice quiet. "You said you would be here at five."

"I know....I know I said that. But some of the guys from drama went to the arcade, and I just lost track of time, and before I knew it, it was almost seven," Mike said, hating that his explanation sounded so lame, wishing that he had some sort of better excuse. But he had fucked up enough already, he definitely wasn't going to make it worse by lying. "I have no excuse for my actions, Will. I'm so, so sorry though."

Mike stood there nervously as Will finally made eye contact. For a moment, the younger boy's face flashed intense anger and Mike waited for the well deserved outburst...but it never came. As quickly as it appeared, the anger vanished and Will deflated all over again. "Th-that's okay, Mike, don't worry about it," he said, standing up to make his way back into the kitchen. "It was just a dumb dinner, it's fine. I'll just reheat it or something."

But that wasn't going to sit right with Mike. He had noticed this thing becoming a pattern, and it was time to address it. "You have to stop doing this, Will."

Will turned back around, fear on his face. "Doing what? I didn't mean to, I'm sorry, just tell me what I was -"

"That, right there," Mike cut in. "You can't keep apologizing when you haven't done anything wrong. *I'm* the one that fucked up today. I should be apologizing, and you should be angry. It's like you never get mad at me no matter what I do!"

"Mike it's fine, really, just...drop it. I don't want to make any trouble."

"But you deserve to!" Mike insisted, approaching Will and taking his hand. "And this attitude that you have like...like you're so lucky to be with me, and you're afraid to be anything other than perfect and understanding is bullshit. *I'm* the lucky one Will...to have you. And I don't want you feeling that you don't deserve me, or that you're going to lose me if you stick up for yourself a little bit. If this thing between us is really going to work, we have to be honest with each other, not keep our feelings bottled up, okay?"

"...yeah?" Will asked, still obviously unsure.

"Yeah, definitely," Mike confirmed, leading them both back to the table and sitting down. "Starting now. Go ahead and let me have it."

The shorter boy stared across the table, looking thoughtful as he started out. "Well...it just sucks you know, because you always buy me things, or take me out to nice dinners, but I can't afford to do that kind of stuff for you."

Mike just nodded, waiting for Will to continue.

"And so I had this idea that instead of buying something fancy, I could plan a nice dinner for us right here. It wouldn't cost too much, and I could prepare everything myself," he said, his face growing more and more resolved as his voice grew louder. "And I spent a lot of time planning this Mike. Buying ingredients, gathering recipes, finding a night when we could have the house to ourselves. And then what did you do!? After I reminded you THREE fucking times today that this was important to me!? You left me sitting here for hours, wondering where you were, wavering between worry and anger!"

It was at this point that doubt began to creep into Mike's mind about whether he should've unlocked this particular door, as Will got back to his feet and began pacing. "And for what? What was so vital that you decided to blow this off? Oh! The guys wanted to go to the arcade! Perfect! Because *that* couldn't be done any other day." The small boy was basically yelling at this point as he turned to lock eyes with Mike. "I try...so hard Mike. To be the ideal boyfriend for you...and the one time I wanted something, you didn't deem it

important enough to even remember. That was a real jerk move, you know! How could you be so selfish!? Can't you think about someone else's feelings!?"

Whatever zone Will was in, that seemed to snap him out of it as his face softened once again and the anxiousness returned. "Shit, Mike, I didn't mean that. I'm s-"

"Don't you dare apologize Will Byers," Mike replied, cutting him off. "I deserved every bit of that and more."

The raven-haired teen rose up from his seat, approaching the other boy and spreading his arms wide. "I'm the one that's sorry, okay? It was a shitty thing to do, even on accident. I should've been paying more attention since you said it was important to you. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course I forgive you," Will answered, tumbling into Mike's embrace. They just stood there for a minute, and the older boy could feel the anger and tension seeping out of Will with each passing moment.

"Thank you," Mike said, rubbing circles into his boyfriend's back. "You feel better now that you got all of that out?"

"You know what? Yeah...I actually do," Will admitted, pulling back a little to look up at Mike's face.

"Good. And you know, there's actually one other thing that's good about fighting," Mike grinned playfully.

"Oh? What's that?" Will asked, a smile finally beginning to peek through on his own face.

"Making up of course," Mike answered. "And since I'm the one that fucked up royally, I'm giving you one request of me, no questions asked. I'll do whatever you want me to do, no strings attached."

"*Whatever* I want?" Will asked, a faint blush showing up on his face.

The older boy put on a show of thinking about it. "You said your mom wasn't coming back 'til late, right?" Will nodded in response.

"Then yeah," Mike said, leaning in and whispering seductively into Will's ear, "*whatever* you want." Mike smirked as he felt Will shiver underneath him.

The smaller boy broke away and bit his lip shyly. "Well, I do have one thing in mind," he said, taking Mike and leading him by the hand. The raven-haired teen felt his pulse pick up, sure that Will was going to lead them to his bedroom for some...exciting activities. But instead he found himself standing in front of the sink. A sink that was piled high with dirty pots and pans of all sorts, all of which were caked with grease and grime.

"Yeah, so, I actually created quite the mess making this meal, so if you could go ahead and clean these for me, that'd be great," Will said, the innocent look on his face betrayed by only the hint of a smile.

"O-oh...I, um, I thought that we were- " Mike spluttered.

"You did say anything I wanted, right?" Will asked, arching his eyebrow playfully.

"I did," Mike sighed in resignation, rolling up his sleeves.

"Great! Man, you were right, this making up thing really does have its perks," Will said impishly, rising up on his tiptoes to give Mike a peck on the cheek before scampering off down the hall.

Well...this was just great. Not only did he have to scrub all these dishes, but Will was apparently not even going to stay and keep him company. But, Mike knew he had no one to blame but himself, so he turned on the faucet and began to fill the sink with soapy hot water.

About ten minutes later, as he was slowly working his way through the chore, he heard Will's voice behind him. "Hey Mike, I'm actually going to need you to do one more thing for me after you're done with that."

"Hey! The deal was for one thing, Byers!" Mike said, chuckling as he turned around. "But okay, I suppose I could. What is it that you want me to -"

The rest of Mike's sentence fell flat, as he saw Will standing behind

him, wearing nothing but briefs and socks. His mind started to short circuit as he took in Will's body, the tight briefs leaving very little to the imagination. His mouth opened and closed several times, but he couldn't get any words to formulate, so Will took it upon himself to answer Mike's unfinished question.

"Well, after you're done with those dishes, why don't you come to my room and I'll show you?" he suggested pointedly. All Mike could do was gulp and nod in response as Will smirked and turned around and walked very slowly away, his hips swaying gently.

Mike felt a bit light-headed as his blood rushed south, making sure to commit to memory the sight of Will's ass in those briefs.

"Hurry Mike, I'm waiting," Will's voice drifted out down the hall, breaking Mike from his stupor and sending him into action.

As Mike stood there furiously scrubbing, cleaning the remaining pots in record time, he wondered what kind of dormant beast he had just awakened in Will. But he did know one thing - he couldn't wait to find out.

Author's Note:

I kind of headcanon this being something they have to work out if Mike and Will get together. Like...Will is afraid to lose Mike if he does something wrong. BUT, that would only be in the early stages of the relationship. Once they're further established, my boy Will wouldn't take any shit from Mike or anyone else haha.

Anyways, kudos/comments are welcome. Thanks for reading!